UNDER A CLOUD.

Morris Tucker and his uncle sat at their cczy breakfast table one winter morning, each with a copy of the morning's paper in his hand, each with a clouded brow and troubled eye. The elder gentleman was the first to speak.

"It is a bad business, Morris!"

"A bad business, indeed, sir!" Then there was another long silence, while each again read the ominous news of the failure of a firm whose business was so involved with their own that the failure of was untouched and the breakfast literally forgotten, when the gentlemen left the kouse Rad as they feared these would prove, the realities were even worse than the anticipation, and before night the old firm of Tucker

at Co was on the list of failures. There was a dreary amount of hard, disnight shadows fell, and he faced his uncle at attractions. Clarice, shy as ever, and pretty and a pale face, he said:

"If you can spare me for an hour, sir, I | monds, spoke hurriedly: think I had better call on Miss Creswell." an interview that, I fear, will be very pain-

Better to understand my position at once alr. Il -" he moistened his dry lips here. as if the words choked him-"it Meta is true to me, I will remain here and try to work my was up spain to the position I hald only yes- | young Cooke!" terday. If she frees me from my engagement, I accept your proposal to go to Cali-

I think it is a good time to look up those old claims," said Mr. Tucker, sliding easily over the first part of his nephew's speech: "there may be money in them!" "We will see! If I do not go, we may be

able to find some trusty messenger." I am atraid you will go." his uncle said. It may be. Mrs. Cresswell is a worldly

'Meta is a worldly woman! Nay, let me speak, Morris. I have said nothing before, though my heart was sore over your choice later, Morris Tucker bent gracefully over ing chap, and we took some beer. Then father was so in love with his farm that ne of a wife. Meta is a wonderfully fascinating Meta's hand, and responded politely to her Sails he treated, and then came my turn, would not leave it. beautiful and accomplished as but few wo- cordial greeting. He met all her advances and then the stranger he says, Boys, what men are, but she is thoroughly heartless. hoped your choice would fall on Clarice."

"Clarice! She is a mere child!" "Only two years younger than Meta. love her very dearly, Morris."

But you are fond of Meta." "No! For her father's sake, the brother

of my dead wife, I have tried to love Meta, but she repels me." "Yet you never spoke when I told you I

should seek to win her love." Because love is too sacred in my eyes for

sought his betrothed bride. From the time | slier. In the conservatory Morris had seen a he had come from his Western home, an or- | vision of a golden head and white, fluttering constantly. He had received cordial wel- | side ber. come from her mother, and had not saspeared the schemes and subtle influence that had led him on, step by step, from the posithe beautiful girl. While his feet were bringing him slowly to the momentous interview after the failure of the firm of which his uncle had made him full partner, Mrs. Creaswell was schooling her daughter to one, with all my heart I love you. My sole head was dekerated with strips and cross of meet the emergency.

'Did you write to Morris, Meta?" she waked, languidly stirring her coffee.

Not yet," was the reply. "He will probship call being an honorable gentleman,

"I hope you will be firm. Meta. Remember that you have been the injured party throughout. From the time your poor papa heiress of his property. He worshipped full of jealous anger as she read their secret ductory oration. He said he was a your aunt, and he never spoke of any relatives of his own till this nephew appeared. believe there was some quarrel between the brothers that ended in the younger one aims in life are to save money and to keep prime good, and that every man jack of us here. At all events, it is very clear now that Morris would have been heir to the

Meta shrugged her shoulders. "Yes! Love in a cottage is not in my style!" And while she spoke the bell rung. and she knew her lover was waiting to test | conquering her old timidity and letting the her cold, werldly heart. She sauntered with easy grace into the drawing-room, while up alairs in her own room her sister Clarice wept for the pain that was to fall upon Morris

She was a brown-eyed, golden-haired girl, whose quiet, unpretending charms had long | Clarice, when your tender sympathy greetel been overshadowed by the more brilliant | me at the time I was under a cloud." beauty of her sister Meta. She was timid to a fault, and was her mother's greatest afflic-With a higher intellect than Meta's, with more command of foreign tongues, with a true musician's love and knowledge of music, a sweet clear voice, and wonderful powers of expression, she was so painfully shy. that somety was a misery to her. Her senatorial bliss. The entire Senate attended and he winds up by sayin', 'now we don't beauty was of the delicate order that does the wedding reception. There have not want no rows or trouble aboard this ere not strike at first glance, and her affections | been so many bald heads and round stemachs | craft, and if you men do right we shall be

She had given John Tucker true love since she was a mere baby and sat upon his knee, playing with his watch-chain. She had reverthought of his money, and when Morris came she was only glad that her dear old uncle, as she called him, was to have a companion and friend. She had never questioned her beart about Morris Tucker, retalents, his noble, frank beauty, and she | ing and bringing up her only son. None of | sir, find out that man's name and call him from knowing well how her mother and sister worshipped wealth.

onen and her sister's clear voice say coldly: Good evening, Mr. Tucker, You have my best wishes for your future success." Then a voice as cold and haughty an-

Thank you. I have the honor to wish you good evening." The drawing room door closed, and Clarice could see Morris standing under the hall lamp, silent and evidently wishing to recover somewhat from the pain of the trying interview before going into the street. He formed one of the greatest attractions of his face was all stricken from it. The sad, paliid face conquered all Clarice's shyness. With a sudden, irresistible impulse she giided down the stairs and stood beside Morris. He did not hear the light footfall upon

tears, raised to his own, while Clarice said

in a low voice: "Morris, I must tell you how sorry I feel

for you and Uncle John. "Thank you," he said, gravely, covering the little white hand upon his arm with his own; "I will tell my uncle what you say " "Tell him," she said, earnestly, "that he has no friend who loves him more truly than I do-no one who feels more deeply any mis-

fortune that can happen to him." "I will carry your message. And will you wish me God speed, too, Clarice? I shall eatl for California in a few days."

The large, brown eyes dilated, while the sweet face grew white as snow. The blow was too sudden. Without word or marmar Clarice fell forward, fainting. Morris caught one house was nearly utter ruin to the other. | ber in his arms and carried her to the The hot chops cooled on the disb. the coffee | library. It was dark there, and no one saw the hiss he pressed upon the pale lips before he put Clarice gently upon the sofa and left her. He did not linger again in the hall. to ascertain the extant of their misfortunes. | Snatching his coat and hat hurriedly from the rack, he strode into the street and walked rapidly homeward.

Five years passed swiftly, and Meta Cress-well had altered little, when, five years after her parting interview with Morris Tucker, she stood in the wide drawing room of her tasteful work to be done after the failure was | mother's house, waiting to greet a number an established fact; but Morris Tucker never | of invited guests. Time had matured her flinched from any task or interview till | beauty, and taken nothing from her great the table once more. Then, with set features | as a violet, stood near her sister, while Mrs. Cresswell, magnificent in velvet and dia-

"Here is strange news, Meta. Mr. Jarvis "! can spare you, but are you wise to hurry | has asked permission to bring a friend, and | who do you suppose it is?"

"I can not guess," said Meta, languidly; some musical man, I suppose, as Mr. Jarvis | a fill of 'baccy for my pipe, if ye don't is so devoted to Euterpe. "No; it is Morris Tucker! Oh, Meta. I am

so glad you have not positively accepted "I thought you were very anxious to be mother in-law to his \$200,000?"

"But not since I have heard Mr Jarvis' settling his uncle's estate, being his heir for everything."

'Un cle John dead!" cried Clarice. "Yes, more than a year ago, though Morris has just returned. The belt! Someone is

In the crowded drawing room, an hour with such evident pleasure in his welcome. do you want to waste your time for on that | talking about the farm. White a member of that her heart beat high with hope. Life ere iron cothin of yours instead of takin' a Congress he gave his occupation as a farmer. had been a struggle for a rich husband ever | job on one of them fine American ships? since she had made her debut in society, and now there was one paying her deferential attention upon whose heart she had at once made deep impression. Would be forget like gentlemen, off clean white plates.' that cruel parting interview, and lay his fortune once more at her feet?

beauty who had smiled so sweetly upon him | to owing us. any one to interfere with its expression. If | all winter, with jealons eyes, after Morris en-Meta loves you, I will give ber warm wel- | tered the room, but Meta forgot him in her | come and cordial affection when she becomes | new-born hope. All the evening Morris hovyour wife, Morris But nerve yourself for | ered about Meta, wondering where Clarice | Nerved for the worst, Morris Tucker | call thinned the room, Meta missed her cav- | ye'll find me square clear through. offer of a home, he had met Meta Cresswell | ing screen, saw him desert Meta to come be-

flower-bordered path to her side, and taxing

her hand in his, said: "Clarice, I have come all the way from be my wife. Must I go back again desolate, or will you bid me stay?"

She looked into the earnest face, the pleading eyes, and her heart grew faint with its

own happiness as she whispered:

"Stay, for I love you, Morris," Meta saw the sister she had always despised for her timidity, and the lover she died I have had every reason to believe Mr. had thrown aside in his poverty, enter the aft to the break of the poop, where died would make you and your sister the drawing-room together, and her heart was Captain Kelly showed up and did his introin their happy faces.

She has been Mrs. Cooke for three yearsmiserable wife of a jealous miser, whose sole | told as how the grab aboard that ship was seding West, while John, the elder, remained | his wife out of society. In their unhappy home there is constant quarreling, while Morris blesses every hour the temporary business and property if this failure had not | poverty that led him to appreciate the heart bappened. You are to be congratulated that | of his little wife, and won for him a knowlit came before the wedding instead of after." | edge of the treasure of her love. There is a home life and mother love Clarice is rapidly world of society see, sometimes, what an accomplished, graceful lady Morris has won for his wife.

And Morris, holding her to his heart, will often say tenderly: "The happiness of my life commerced,

Sweet Mrs. McDonald,

[Washington Letter.] ried again. His daughter had died a few years before. His fellow Senators each contributed \$10 towards the purchase of an enormous silver punch bowl-the emblem of were carefully hidden in her shrinking, gen- seen at any reception in Washington for | treated right; but if ye go to playin' any in Washington society, and through her sub- | Abraham around. Now, officers, choose yer sequent visits here has become much better known. She is a very handsome lady, although her hair is silver gray. Her eyebrows and eyelashes are black. Her eyes are a grayish brown. The color of her eyebrows and eyelashes add piquancy to her fresh colored, regular featured face. Her joicing sincerely when his sngagement with | color is so fresh, her face is so smooth that | Meta crew him into nearer brotherly rela- | the white half looks artificial. She has | tions with herself. She respected his worth. | known great troubles in her life, and has his devotion to his uncle; she admired his | made a brave fight in the world in educatgrieved deeply over the sorrows so suddenly | her trails, however, have left any lines upon | by it, and then apologize for breaking the thrown into his life. Shyly as she had liked | her pleasant face. She is a lady of irreproach. | ship's rules.' That the mate was struck all him, so she crept away to weep for him. The | able manners, and will be a great addi- of a heap, as we all was for that matter, and heartlessness that would turn bim saide in | tion to Mr. Cleveland's Cabinet. She is as his trouble was only comprehensible to her | simple and unaffected as her husband. She has that politeness which is born of kindness of heart. The McDonalds will never She heard the door of the drawing-room | rank their guests by the length of their bank | account, which is more than can be said for one or two leaders of the present Cabinet. She is more like Mrs. General Logan in her ways and popularity than any other lady I know of in Washington society.

Nomenclature in the Swamps.

Palatka (Fla.) News. We know a little black girl whose name sounds like this: Harriet Ann Cassia Ann Betsy Baldwin Hazover Ann Berkley. Auother is called Mary Martha Magdalane was very pale, and the brightness that had | Faulina Ann Paulida Green. Still another | is Arkansas Tennessee Louisiana Red River | any nonsense, and who showed up as a pretty Thompson. And some years ago there was | square kind o' man, and sureas shootin' that an old Indian squaw in Dade County who | all turned out true before the voyage was rejoiced in the name of Lily-walk-in the over. water-same-shape-all-the-way-down-loot-just | "That's all there is in the yarn, sir, and I like-a-board. These are all the names that just wanted to find that beer slinger and tell were or have been in actual use, except that him as how he hadn't done such a bad job the thick carpet. nor see that he was not were or have been in actual use, except that him as how he hadn't done such a bad job alone until a soft touch on his arm startled we despair of giving the sound of Seminole after all in not tellin' me as how I'd be

A SAILOR'S YARN

A Story of Early Days in San Francisco. [San Francisco Call.] "Beg pardon, Mister, but didn't there used

to be a gin mili somewhere hereabouts?" The place was in front of a substantial building on Market street. The speaker was evidently a sailor rigged out for a lark ashore, and the person addressed was a jour-

to find the particular one referred to?"

with the barkeeper?" against the place; and it wasn't there I got

crimped-lesstways the business ended American craft in them times "All right; but come into this cigar store.

sort of a cigar will you smoke?"

where the people won't run over us. What

told his yarn as follows:

asking you about to get a five dollar piece | that Bayless Hanna is are ently a scholar, changed and to wet down before starting. an orator and a journe to sustain his na-Just then a fellow comes in and calls for a tional reputation, and she is right again. glass of beer and says to us: 'Boys take a 'You do not live immediately in the drink with me; I somehow don't like to | city," I suggested.

"He seemed to be a right kind of a look. mate and a sailmaker; \$15 bonus and \$15 a | ist was acquired by walking over the fields month, and ye gets yer meals in the cabin, and getting in the way of the bired men.

our coffin, as ye calls it, isn't a bad craft to Mr. Cooke, a young man about half-witted, sick to, and we ain't over anxious to cut possessed of \$200,000, watched the brilliant | away from the three months' back pay that |

"'Suit yourselves,' says he; 'but that's no reason why we shouldn't be friendly. Sup- shop? pose yer come up to my house and take a social drain with Some of the boys call had hidden herself; but when the supper | me Shanghai Briggs, and if you trust to me,

"He was as pleasant-spoken a chap as ye'd want to see, so we chummed in and went to phaned lad of nineteen, to accept his uncle's | dress; and Clarice, half hidden by a flower- | his house, and there we took several drinks aboard. All of a sudden it seemed as though I'd got into the trough of a heavy sea, and Longing to see him, in an agony of maid- then I don't remember anything more. The enly shame at the secret she had revealed first thing I knowed I found myself a heavin' when they parted, she hid there to watch on a windlass aboard the clipper ship Ericsbim unseen. But he came swiftly across the son, of Boston, bound for Liverpool, with disease in its maturity that kills, and maturity im-2,200 tons of California wheat.

> later I was just a picter to look at. My right | ter s Stomach Bitters know it to be efficacious in | and especially to the spirit of subsidy, as California to try and win your love. Little | eye was all bonged up and my face and hope of happiness is the hope that you will skin plaster, while I felt sick at the stomach, weak in the knees, low in spirits and hai a was a nice cup o' tea. I didn't ask no questions, for I knowed I'd been crimped, and it'd do no good to kick about it. We towed across the bar, stowed away a few spare fenders and lines that was on the upper deck, and then all hands was mustered had thrown aside in his poverty, enter the aft to the break of the poop, where knowledgeable shipmaster, and knowed how to take care of packed rats and buck sailors; should get plenty so long as there wer'nt no wasting, which last would bring a sneezer to | decidnous hedges. Dwarf hedges are also | the fellow as did it. He wanted his officers | made of horn-beams, dogwoods, fly honeyand men to obey orders promptly and | suckles, barberries and Japan snowballs. without back talk or growlin', and the officers musn't allow sojerin' or backin' toddling boy named John, who calls Morris and fillin' about a job that wasn't pleas-"papa;" and in the peaceful happiness of his ant. The officers must call every man by his name without any introductory swearin', and the men must answer 'ave. aye, sir,' distinct and respectable. An officer must give his orders so as to be understood at the first jump, and musn't have no famillarity with the men. Old sailors, he says, when under a young officer at the beginning a bottle. I used it, and two more cured me of a voyage, watch his every move, and try | perfectly." their tricks on him the very first chance. The old salt will just drop some fanny joke when the officer is around, and if he laughs or smiles there's trouble shead for him sure. The sailor next tells a Just as he went out of the Senate he mar- | short funny stery, then sticks in his jaw as to how a job should be done, and then becomes a regular screback. The skipper just talked to the nines, I tell ye, and of course, I can't put it ship shaps a he did, rears. Mrs. McDonald was quite well known | games ye'll find her hell itself, with no savin' watches.' 'The first choice fell to the second mate.

and he says, paintin' to me, 'I'll take this old gets his mask off.'

"With that the skipper sprang off the house right among us, and flourishing a revoiver in each hand, cries out: 'Officers and I said you must learn every man's name and call him by it, and by nothing else. Now. asks my name, which the one I chose was Bill Shear, and then he did the humble, and skipper forgives him, but says, don't let it occur sgain, and then the skipper turns to me and says, 'Bill Shear, I makes you bos'n of this ship. You will stand watch with Mr. Jones, and when Mr. Williams dismisses the crew you will take your dunnage from the fo'castle into the after part of the forard honse, Officers and men, Bill Shear is now an officer of this ship.

"I somehow kind o' thought this was a put-up job between the skipper and the second mate, to kind o' lend effect to the old man's speech, but whether it was or not, every man laft the main deck that night feelin' sure that the skipper was a man who meant what he said and who wouldn't stand

him. Looking down, he saw a sweet, plead- gutturals by means of English letters, and, crimped if I went with Shanghai Briggs.

Ing face, soit brown eyes, misty with unshed therefore, translate the squam's name. No. sir, I won't take no money, thank you,

sir, for I've still got some jinglers aboard; but if ye wouldn't mind my standin' a treat. ye'd do me proud, sir, indeed you would."

Harping on My Daughter. Jap Turpen in Kokomo Dispatch.

Miss Sallie Manson, the daughter of General Manson, was in a company over which "the old man from Ripley," Senator Faulk-ber, stood in the attitude of a guardian spirit. Mrs Eva Sands, Miss Frankie Faulk-The latter replied, after a glance at the ner, Miss Jennie Morgan, and Miss Annie weather beaten tar: "There undoubtedly Youart made the party complete. The was a saloon here st some time, for in the name of Manson on the hotel register caught early days such places were as thick as the Argus-eyed reporter, and he got it into buckleberries in this part of the city. You'll the papers: "Mrs. Manson, the accomphave no trouble in finding a bar-room now. | lished wife of General Manson, Lieutenant if that's all you want. Are you soxious | Governor of Indiana, is in the city." The man of brains and vivacity continued: "Well, yes, sir, although it don't matter She is very benevolent, and greatly much. Fact is, I was got away with in that | interested in the subject of prison reform. place or ce, and I thought I'd just like to She moved boldly through the institution take a wet for old times with the man who and made many suggestions, looking to the ran the cabeose when I was last here Why, relief of the unhappy inmates. She would ye never see such a bloomin' fool as I was in | tear down the walls to let in more sanlight and do completely away with the zebra fash-"If you had a rough time of it in that sa- ion of clothing She is a most excellent lady, loon what is your present idea in trying to | in heart and mind, worthy of being the wife find the place? Do you want to raise a row of her eminent husband ". While this has the merit of being all in the family, it is not "Oh, no, sir; not by any means. Why, exactly faithful—and I make a note for the Lord bless your soul, I don't bear no grudge benefit of history. There is no use of a benefit of history. There is no use of a father's daughter going before the world disguised as her mother. Miss Manson is somewhere else. I'll tell ye about it, if ye'd a blithe, bright eyed lady, scarcely out care to know, how they shipped crews on of her teens, not tall but of a willowy figure. Her features are delicate but quite distinct. Her nose, with that slight curve so beautiful in woman, tells of character. Her forehead is full and "Thank ye kindly, sir; but I'd rather have | shapely, but concealed by the bangs of the period. She prefers the drama to the opera, talks of novels and tells the plots. She is Having s uffed his briarwood with the familiar with history, especially the details strongest obtainable tobacco, the old salt of large battles, and gives judgment as to the genius of great commanders. Of all the "One Saturday night-that was a good places in the wide world, in her judgment, many years ago now-Sails and me got five | Crawfordsville is the most delightful in dollars each from the skipper, and after sup- which to live. She thinks that Maurice news. My love, John Tucker, has some land per got into our go-ashore togs and struck Thompson is an exquisite poet, and she is claims in California that Morris hunted up out for a little Frisco time. We belonged to right. She thinks that General Wallace is a and sold for more than double young Cooke's a British ship, and Sails was the sailmaker, great Captain, and an anthor whose works forture. He has come home now, and is of course. We stopped at the ginmill I was | will endure, and she is right. She thinks

> 'Yes, in the city. "I was under the impression that your |

'Oh, that's a hobby of his He is always Within my recellection he never farmed a Now there's the ship Ericsson wants a third | day. All of his reputation as an agricultur-Now he is a good gardener. He might legiti-"We says, 'No thank ye, all the same, but | mately claim to be a gardener. But no, that w-n't do, he wan's to be a farmer."

Is this possible? Does General Mahlon D. Manson get the hay seed that goes in his hair the store, and the harness oil that keeps

Why Divorces Come on Saturday. [Buffalo Express.]

Saturday is divorce day in Chicago courts. Chicago people like to date fresh matrimonial contracts from the first of the week.

Only Fractions of Lives.

How many persons live only a fraction of averese human life because they neglect to take the commonest precautions against sickness. It is plies growth. A slight indisposition is usually "When I got a squint in a glass a l'ttle | slighted. They who ava'l themselves of Hostetchronic cases of disease, but the process of cure is | embodied in the a far easier one if it is used in ear'y stages of dyspapsis, maisrial disease, theumatism, constipation and liver derangement Let those who would nervous shake all over. My word, but I | avoid the peril which even the most potent remees can not avert, steer clear of the rock upon ich so many constitutions split-an under appreciation of the danger of neglect. It will not do to omit care and a recourse to medicine when health is affected. If debilitated, or nervous, or speptic take it for granted you are in want of a remedy, use the Bitters.

Professor Mechan recommends as ornsmental evergreen hedges, for boundaries, the orway spruce. Scotch pine, hemlack and Chinese and American arbor vitte. For dwarf dividing lines he suggests the golden Retinispora and dwarf arbor vitte. Almost any thick-growing shrubs make handsome

"The woods are full of 'em," or rather our letter files are. We mean certificates of dyspepsia cures. Here is one from Jacob Nitz, of York, Pa., which is a specimen of hundreds just like it: "I have been sick for over two years with dyspepsia, and spent a good deal of money on doctors. All did me no good. I heard of Mishler's Herb Bitters. and went to your agents in York and bought

Liberal estimates place the cost of keeping sheep at \$2 per head per year. At current rates fair fleeces will average \$2 each, and lambs may be estimated at \$2 each when weaned. If 50 per cent of the lambs be carried through the income will be \$3 for each sheep, or \$1 clear profit. As the sheep consumes much refuse, however, and enriches the soil, the profit is still larger. So

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stood shoulder to shoulder, as brothers, in the conflict; we now ask your hand for the coming year in our celebration of the victory. Our columns that were vigorous with fight when the fight was on will now, since the contest is over, be devoted to the arts of peace. With its enlarged patronage the SENTINEL will be better enabled than ever to give an

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